

From the Christian Inquirer.

### My Heart's a Greenhouse.

My heart's a to me a pleasant greenhouse  
Where, when winds blow chill,  
And blizzards, like summer flowers,  
Sheltered bloom my flowers still.

All around its crystal casements  
Clusters wild, the passion-vine,  
Veiling brightly clouds, and shadows,  
But admits the dear sunshine.

There the perfume of the lily  
Mingles with the damask rose;  
Deeply sighs the orange-blossom  
And the bright carnation glows.

There the timid violet trembles—  
Heliotropes their fragrance shed;  
And the star of Bethlehem watches  
O'er the heart's ease lowly bed.

In its mist a fountain sparkles,  
That with gentle, silvery showers,  
Casts its spray of diamond dew drops  
To refresh the grateful flowers.

My love lands me sweetly, deeply—  
Singing me the living day;  
Of the past—the present—future,  
One resounding, thrilling lay.

Warmly nurtured in my greenhouse—  
Warmed by fire's watchful care;  
Flowers would perish were it colder,  
And my happy birds would die.

Once my opening roses circled  
Round a tree I deemed secure;  
But no root it had, and even  
Lightest storms could not endure.

So the roses, bleeding, withering,  
Sadly lay upon the ground,  
Till the passion-vine entwined them,  
And the ivy clasped them round.

Now, though oft their blushing petals  
To the fallen tree still turn;  
They, in friendship firm, unchanging,  
Soon forgetfulness will learn.

And my greenhouse I will cherish,  
For its flowers will never die;  
They will join the one great garden,  
And forever bloom on high.

May its weeds be stifled quickly  
By the gardener's watchful care;  
For above in that bright Eden  
Nought may bloom but flowers fair.

W. L.  
Brooklyn, May 16th, 1848.

### My First Parlor.

BY M. A. DENISON.

'Yes, and we are to have a beautiful lit-

tle parlor, grandmother. Arthur has or-

dered an elegant sofa, a superb pier glass,

a rosewood centre table, lively chairs to

match, and a carpet of such a pretty style

of pattern, I know you will like it, 'tis so

new.

'And why is it grandmother, continued

the volatile girl, as she glanced around the

large old-fashioned room, 'why is it that you

have never had a parlor? I'm sure you can

afford it well enough. I asked grandma yes-

terday, and she looked so for a moment, and

she replied, "to your grandmother, Anna,

and she will tell you." I'm sure I forgot it

just this very moment, and now we are

alone together, you must give me your re-

sponse."

The speaker was an elegant young wo-

man, of eighteen summers, seated at the

feet of a grave and dignified elderly lady,

whose fair, smooth brow and dark hair

spoke still of youth lingering with age, like

the fresh green ivy clinging to the decayed

and tottering wall.

'Dear Anna,' she replied, in subdued

tones, 'you have often heard me speak of my

little Willie, my first, my only son; yet I

have never told you the circumstances con-

connected with his death. Here is a little

manuscript, which I have lately written;

take it, and if you read it carefully, it will

not, I trust, be time mispent.'

'O! thank you, dear grandmother,' ex-

claimed Anna, 'if it is anything you have

written, I know it will profit and interest

me too.'

Saying this the fair girl eagerly took the

manuscript, and bounding lightly from the

room, wended her way to a beautiful gar-

den, in the midst of which was a bower,

completely covered with the clinging grape-

vine, through which peeped, at intervals,

rich clusters of roses, shedding their deli-

cious fragrance all around them.

Very soon after, the lady with her ill-

lured boy departed, perhaps as glad to leave

as I was glad to see good-bye.

Let me hasten. The visit was returned.

The magnificent parlor opened before us,

and the lady's three children, dressed in

Parisian elegance, paraded before, with the

of the cupboard at their head. They in-

sisted upon our staying to tea, to show their

mumification I suppose, and we accordingly

sat down to a table loaded with silver plate,

and overladen with delicacies.

Let me here hint that parlor was a word

altogether unknown in that time, many very

wealthy families resided here, but they all

had nothing more nor better than a best

room, plainly furnished, and sparingly de-

corated. Pride had not even found a resting

place for the sole of its foot.

I returned home rather discontented; the

best room, I will not disguise it, looked

thoroughly mean. The walls, too, seemed

desolate, the floor covered with poverty's

carpet, that is, no carpet at all.

Baby was cross, the poor little thing had

taken cold. I was out of humor, and every-

thing seemed wrong. Instead of our cheer-

ful fire-side chat, an oppressive silence

weighed down our spirits for some time.

At last—before I was aware, I murre-

mur'd 'I wish we had one.'

'What is it Ellen, a parlor?' exclaimed

William, divining my thoughts; 'well, you

shall have one, but you will find no more

happiness in it, than in our snug little

room.'

'But can we afford it? I asked almost

beside myself with pleasure.

'Yes,' he replied; 'I can afford to buy

furniture for a parlor, but I am afraid you

will then be discontented with the rest of

our house.'

'O! no! no! was my answer; we can take

the large room up stairs, that has never been

used; and then I should rather have the one

down, just as it is, because it will look as

if we studied comfort, you know.' My

husband's keen glance, and my own an-

swer condemned me instantly; yet he seem-

ed to feel a sort of pleasure in my enthu-

siasm, and finally informed me that he had

spoken with a gentleman respecting some

handsome furniture, which he could have

very cheap, as it was second hand, though

it had been in use over a month. 'You

must go to-morrow and see it yourself, and

choose such articles as you want,' he added.

To this I joyfully assented, and full of

pleasing anticipations I retired to rest.

In the morning, with a beating heart, I

prepared for my excursion. It would take

us the greater part of the day to go and re-

turn.

'What will you do with Willie?' asked

my husband. 'Carry him over to mother's

room, of course,' I replied; 'he is asleep

now, and I can take him, nicely wrapped

up, without any trouble.' I started as I

bent over the cradle, 'he looks feverish and

breathes hard,' said William; 'are you not

almost afraid to leave him so long?'

'He does not indeed seem very well,'

But I have dwelt enough on minute par-

ticulars; suffice it to say, that the whole

cottage was tasteful and neat without

within; a perfect little nest of comfort.

Well, we were married; time sped on,

shook his trembling finger at us, but 'touch-

ed us gently.' Our hearts grew more uni-

ted, my William was temperate and frugal,

and we prospered.

By and by, a letter came to us, from re-

lative we had never expected to behold,

the first that we had received, stating that

they were tired of a city residence; also,

their wish that we would look out for a

large and convenient cottage, as they would

remove thither the next Spring.

For the first time, my cottage, my best

room, in fact everything, looked too small;

and my furniture had a thin coating of men-

ness. I had often heard from my uncle,

who visited them when he went to the city,

that they were wealthy, lived superbly, and

everything about them was on a grand scale.

Their cottage was selected, a new and

beautiful one, situated on a gentle declivity,

surrounded by lovely orchards, at a little dis-

tance from a most romantic waterfall, and

in the rear of rich grounds, which, with

cultivation, might become a fragrant and

delightful garden.

They came, or rather the lady, with her

children and furniture, came first—and a

week after their arrival, were settled in their

new home. Never shall I forget the morn-

ing when I made ready to receive her first

visit. Everything, however clear and shin-

ing it might be, required a second scrub-

bing or rubbing. Baby was taken up, its

little frock smoothed, its clean rose face

wiped over and over again. The little look-

ing glass in the clock (by the way it had

no glass) was consulted at least a dozen

times, to see if the then young lady, writ-

ing this reminiscence was dressed with

sufficient taste. Husband's hair was smooth-

ly combed and curled, and his hat drawn

close over his brow with an injunction

not to take it off, for fear the wind would

blow it away while he was at work; and it

would never do for him to comb it before

the lady, to be sure.

His nice wedding suit, too, was laid care-

fully upon the bed, that he might slip qui-

etly up stairs when he saw the visitors ap-

proaching; and everything was in readiness

by 2 o'clock. By and by a carriage was

seen slowly winding down the road, and

my heart beat with anticipation, I will not

say, as I took a hasty survey of the

apartment, smoothed baby's frock down

once more, and saw husband slip by me

and leap up the stairs two at a time.

As it neared the little path, which had

dignified with the name of 'Wild Rose

Path' and stopped, a lady, I supposed, for

I hardly knew, stepped out, and walking

leisurely along, met me at the door. By

her side ran a little white-headed fellow,

plucking my choice plants, without hin-

drance or denial from his mother.

I did my best to welcome her, and she

entered with me, and passed along the room

as though (poor I thought) she was to be

ushered into a better.

I blushingly offered her one of my yel-

low wooden chairs, upon which she sat

with great condescension.

Declining to take off her bonnet and shawl

she began, in a very small tone indeed, to

converse with me; praised my baby, said it

was very fat and rosy; enquired about my

parents and my husband, and then sat very

stiff and silent. Not so with the boy; spy-

ing my cupboard, he pointed his puny hand

at, crying out, 'Ma, ma, that's just such a

cupboard as you gave Menee for her par-

lor, ain't it? You know Menee, don't you?

he continued, turning to me; 'she used to

be mama's chambermaid, but she's married

now.' I was foolish enough to feel mortif-

ied, and I know I appeared so, but just then

my William came down, looking so noble

and handsome that I felt confidence imme-

diately. As I introduced him I was pleased

to see Mrs. Montmorency look at him with

some astonishment. His clear full eye never

flinched at her gaze, and he returned her

bow with the air of a prince. I am sure

I was proud of him then.

Very soon after, the lady with her ill-

lured boy departed, perhaps as glad to leave

as I was glad to see good-bye.

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